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Governing Our Criminals

(By Mr. Chas. Cook, in 'The Christian.')

Much—I am bold to say all—that tends to humanize, yea, to Christianize, the criminal, has been carefully eliminated from our prison system; and what remained had become well adapted to brutalize and harden the men against all that was good or godly.

I have it on the highest authority that a rule was in vogue not very long ago, and may still be, that 'not one word concerning the Lord Jesus was to be spoken by any of the officers to any prisoner.' The excuse for this was, 'It would be familiar conversation;' but happily I know that this rule was often 'more honored in the breach than the observance.' In fact, there has lately come about a great change in the iron discipline of our prison system.

It was considered at the Home Office that any effort to bring about spiritual results in the lives of the criminals, or anything done to bring the comfort and consolations of the Gospel to bear upon those who were in suffering and sorrow, was so much mitigation of punishment, and therefore was looked upon by many governors as unwise, and therefore discouraged. Penal servitude was administered as a punishment for crime, and any attempt to reform the criminal was so much less punishment in their eyes.

I most gladly report that our system has been passing through a time of transition, and when a certain governor was promoted, it was almost generally admitted he was 'the last of the old régime.' I have met with this gentleman and others of the same stamp, and while going in and out at all our English prisons have bewailed the harshness and severity of the penal code which they certainly administered in the spirit of a Martinet. But I could not fail to see that, while in many cases it filled the 'punishment cells,' and added to the number of men 'in chains,' it failed to soften the men thus punished, but rather helped to steel them against the officials, and harden their hearts against God.

The authorities are now discovering what I saw and advocated twenty years ago, and are wisely permitting the introduction of a new force to our prisons; that is to say, they are allowing that prisoners can be changed into useful citizens by a change of heart caused by an influence wholly outside discipline; and it is matter for congratulation that, having gained some light upon this important matter, they at once commenced to act upon it, by permitting missions to be held, outside clerical influence, within the formerly closed walls of the prison chapel.

How this has been brought about would be too long a tale to tell here; no doubt many things have conduced to it; but the authorities have been aware that amongst the gentlemen acting as governors of H.M. Prisons have been some few whose modus operandi has been altogether different from that implied above, and we trust the lessons learned by the Home Office will lead to this practical result—that the greatest care will be exercised in choosing gentlemen who are capable of bringing Christian influence to bear on those whom they govern, that those to whom we commit the sufferers from sin, shall be such as have been themselves translated into the liberty which Christ alone can give.

I am thinking particularly of Colonel Plummer, the man who has won untold numbers of convicts to Christ; many such have visited me on release. Three such men have recently been in the room where I am writing this—while seven letters are before me from ex-convicts, who date their conversion from the time that their iniquities gave them an introduction to the late Governor of H. M. Prison, Parkhurst. A strict disciplinarian, a stickler for order, a perfect soldier, a unique governor, and yet withal a loving, Christian gentleman—this is my friend with whom I first became acquainted many years ago, when he was in office at Dartmoor convict prison.

The Colonel is old enough to have seen service in the trenches at Sebastopol, and

COLONEL PLUMMER.

the Mutiny in India, but has now for many years been caring for our prison populations. I saw and knew of many instances in Dartmoor, where he had been greatly used of God. He told me of one man who had recently been discharged after twenty years' imprisonment—a man who had never had a mark against his character whilst he had been there the whole twenty years. Another convict said:—'I was converted while cleaning the windows of the governor's bedroom, for over his bed was the text, "He is our Peace." It made me think, and Jesus soon after spoke peace to my soul.' It was in this prison, and of the Colonel that the incident I tell in my lecture 'The Prisons of the World,' happened:—

> 'Do you know anything of the Grace of God, Collins?' asked the governor of a convict for life.
>
> 'Thank God, I do, sir.'
>
> 'How long has it been?'
>
> 'Some years, now, sir, as I entered my cell, and the door slammed to with a jar, I fell on my knees, and, as I remembered my mother's prayers, and my father's tears, I accepted Christ as my Saviour, and I thank God I have never had a dark hour since.'

Poor fellow! and yet how rich! A convict for life! What misery! and yet withal, what solace! In all my wanderings, and midst many preachings, I know no grander testimony to the power of the Gospel of Christ.

But it is at Parkhurst that Colonel Plummer has found his life-work, and numbers of men leave the place thankful that ever they were branded as convicts, for as such they have listened to 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' that have been spoken by the governor, and have reached their souls.

Men who have slipped from the higher ranks of life have found in the Colonel a spiritual father and a brother in Christ, whilst professional criminals have told me that they owe their salvation to him.

> 'He is the first Chistian governor I ever saw; I have seen some who were more like devils; but that man—God send more like him!'

Thus spake one who was known as 'the King of the Forgers,' now a consistent believer.

> 'The dear governor, how I love him,' said an ex-convict.
>
> 'He writes to me twice a week,' said another; 'and as for young Moore, he's allowing him £1 a week till he can get work.'

The secret of the success which has attended the Colonel's work is—that he differentiates; he has treated no two men alike, and his discrimination has been a help to him. Writing to me of three ex-convicts whom he had commended to my care, he said, 'Thank you so much for your kindness to my three friends.'

Some governors treat criminals 'in the lump;' to them they are all criminals. Colonel Plummer sees in them souls for whom Christ died—that love will reach the worst of men, and that the Gospel, lived and preached, will change the vilest criminals.

Born at Heworth Vicarage, Durham, in 1838, the Colonel joined the Army in 1854, and served in the Royal Fusiliers in the Crimea from July 7, 1855, and in India for eleven years, including a period of the Mutiny, and two campaigns against the Hill tribes of the North-West frontier under Sir Neville Chamberlain, G.C.B., in the latter as Q.M.G. He served in the United Kingdom from 1870 to 1878, when he entered the Prisons Department, and was sent as deputy-governor to Borstal Prison, remaining there for seven years, when he was transferred to Dartmoor Convict Prison. From thence he was promoted to be governor of Borstal Convict Prison, and after four years to Parkhurst Convict Prison. During his charge of this prison, it was turned into an invalid station for all breakdowns of mind or body, also a lunatic ward was added, causing a great increase of work and anxiety.

The Colonel retired on superannuation recently, thus closing a career of forty-six years in the public service, of which twenty-two years were spent in the prison service. He has the great joy of knowing that God's blessing has rested upon his word and example, as well as upon his work in the discharge of his onerous duties.

The Dream and the Awakening.

(By Rev. Francis E. Marston, D.D., in 'American Messenger.')

What must be the practical outcome of a religion of dreams and a philosophy of delusions? After the dream the awakening. The falsehood and wickedness engendered by the 'Science' have their legitimate result when the disciple of illusion experiences the shock of reality. What bitterness, hatred and despair overwhelm the poor deluded soul, whose very faith in Christ, as a personal Redeemer, these pantheistic and impersonal teachings have torn away!

To merge the vision of the personal God into the image of an impersonal force, principle or tendency that makes for righteousness, has been to take the nerve out of spirituality and devitalize the motive for high thinking and pure living. The higher one climbs the slippery sides of a precipice, the more terrible the fall into the depths. The more exalted one's hopes, the more terrible the awakening when these are proven a delusion and a dream. Put yourself for a moment, reader, in the place of an enthusiast under the spell of this Christian Science. Think of the promise it holds out to its devotee. He says, 'This carnal existence is only a dream, the mind is all; I cannot sin, I cannot be sick. If I only learn the mastery of mind over the material, I may not die.' Through storm and stress and struggle he carries these deceptive hopes. They float him over floods of difficulties and impediments to his lofty dreams. But a cyclone of suffering born of disease bears down upon him. He endures the torture in dumb silence. But there is a limit to human endurance. The bow of hope is shivered. The picture of the mirage that has lured him on vanishes. He comes to himself in the desert of despair. Stern reality looks him in the face and ghastly Death waits to cut him down. How terrible it is to awake from such a dream! A case in point is that of a young and wealthy Ohio woman. Let it illustrate the history of thousands since these pernicious doctrines first fell from the lips of this pseudo-benefactor of the race.

Years ago, this young wife and mother came under the influence of Mrs. Eddy. Because she was wealthy she could visit the 'Mother' in Boston, who made much of her. She had a little son whose spine had been injured by an accident. It resulted in a curvature. Physicians told her that proper medical treatment would restore him to health and strength. Her husband and friends urged the young mother to adopt the necessary treatment, and put the boy under the care of a skilled physician. In what she deemed a moment of weakness, she yielded to the solicitation of friends, and had the little fellow put in a plaster cast. But her Christian Science associates upbraiding her for going back to material methods instead of mental treatment, she had the cast torn off, and told the boy he was perfectly well.

She herself was in the early stages of quick consumption. Mrs. Eddy and her ilk told her over and over again that there was nothing the matter with her. She said to herself and others, 'I am perfectly well. I have no pain. I am not sick.' She read and studied the book that was to heal her, but all in vain. The body grew weaker and weaker. We saw her fade away day by day. But never once did she ever acknowledge to herself that she was in anything but good health. Even when she had to take to her bed, this strange, subtle hope, working with the peculiarities of the disease, sustained her. Her answer to those who asked her how she fared invaribly was, 'I am well, only a little tired.' The Hypnotic influence of the Christian Science practitioners sustained her courage. The book was her constant companion. She was sure she would get strong, and that the boy's crooked spine would straighten. Her faith in the mystic principles was unbounded. It was pitiable to watch her. She, however, never once failed to welcome her Presbyterian pastor.

Day by day the hollow cheek, the gleaming, glassy eye, the hectic flush, the hacking cough, all proclaimed the rapidly approaching end. In all this time, she utterly refused to see a physician or take a single remedy such as experience has proved valuable in mitigating a consumptive's lot. At last, she had to be taken, under her earnest protest that she was well, to a sanatarium. It could only be done by yielding to her desire for daily visits from the healer. But it was too late, she grew worse and worse. Suddenly, one evening—it seemed as if it occurred in the twinkle of an eye—it flashed on her, 'I am dying!' A terror seemed to seize her. She demanded that the healer be sent for. To her he was a person of mysterious mental powers holding the key of life and death. She put the question with startling energy, 'Am' I getting better? Shall I get well?' This man told her that of course she was getting better, she was not sick, and would soon get up from her bed; disease would yield to health. But she replied, for the first time, apparently, in some sort of doubt, 'I am so weak. Oh, I am so tired!' The man lingered for a long time gazing at the woman, and administering mental treatment, and under it the dying woman felt encouraged. But after he had gone, doubtless giving absent treatment all the while (?), the old fear, terror and doubt came back.

Her mother and sister ministered to her. Yet she would not be comforted. She demanded to see the physician of the house. Fixing her eye on him, and clutching his hand, she demanded of the old man, 'Doctor, am I dying?' He was a good man. He knew that deception was useless. Bending over her, he said, soothingly, 'My child, you are a Christian. Summon your Christian faith and courage.'

'Oh, doctor,' she cried, 'but I have have given up my Christian faith; I'm in Science now.'

Gently and tenderly he told her the truth. Her idol was broken, her expectation shattered, and the bitterness of despair held her in its vice-like grip. She knew now she was doomed to die.

The healer tried, but without success, to force himself upon her. She would never see him again.

Some days afterwards her pastor knelt by her bedside. He spoke to her of the great Physician, the true Light of the world, As he pointed her to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, she answered, 'Jesus knows best. I trust myself to him in life and death. But oh, my poor little boy!'

Because what her husband deemed a reasonable course in regard to the boy was vehemently opposed by her when under the influence of Christian Scientists, there had grown up a coolness between the two. Now she sent for him, 'John, John,' she cried, 'it is all a mistake!' The dream was over. Out of the land of shadows she passed into the light. Out of the mists of the earth, peopled with dreams, she rose to the cloudless day when eye answereth to eye and soul to soul.

This strange cult has surely humbled the vaunted intellectual pride of the twentieth century. Its bald and empty vagaries are drawing thousands to the precipice that hangs over the gulf of despair. What a commentary on the need of humanity, captivated in heart and bewildered in intellect, lost in trespasses and sins, for a divine Saviour who is able to save from sin.

There is one only way by which we may be saved. Yet in all the centuries men have been prone to dream of some other way. The Christian Science is a vague dream of reaching the impossible. It ignores the plain facts of nature, the testimony of the senses, the dictates of reason, the voice of God in revelation, and tries to climb up some other way than God's appointed path of life.

More serious than the loss of bodily life is the danger of losing the soul. If there is no sin, there is no Saviour from sin. Our friends under the spell of this delusion claim the Christian name. But they contradict the apostle, who writes, 'If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us,' and they make our Saviour talk nonsense when he says, 'I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: fear him which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell. Yea, I say unto you, fear him!'

The Negro Boy's Experience.

A colored Sunday-school scholar was a great annoyance, being full of mischief and very ignorant indeed, and coming of a very bad family. One teacher reported that he was the greatest dunce he had ever known.

There came a great awakening upon the church; many were converted to God. The colored boy after a time became quite serious and thoughtful. He received help and counsel, and soon gave very marked signs of a change of heart.

One form of special service, made necessary by the condition of the church, was an afternoon meeting each Sunday. This was very much crowded. Many of those present offered their voluntary testimony. One afternoon the African arose and said, 'I can give my experience to you.' He had in his hand a book, which he began to read, while the people listened: 'In the beginning God created the heavens and earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved up on the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light; and there was light." That is it; that is my experience.' He said no more, but closed the book and sat down.

A thrill was sent through the large congregation, while men looked at each other in a sort of wonder. Not the most cultivated soul could have better told the wonderful story of regeneration.—Rev. H. M. Simpson.

'Messenger' Mail Bag

Paisley, Ont., June 7, 1902.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I wish to donate $5 to send the 'Messenger' to the lumber camps. Use it as you think best. 'I am a tenth giver,' and do not know of a better way of spending a little of the Lord's money.

With best wishes, J. C. SEYMOUR.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Blind Wong.

(By Rev. Charles A. Nelson, of Canton, China, in 'Missionary Herald.')

Though there is a school for blind girls in Canton, conducted by Miss Mary Niles, M.D., Blind Wong is perhaps the only blind man in the city who can read. The history of this man's conversion and how he learned to read and write by the Braille system adapted to the Catonese, is as follows:—

One day in the spring of 1900, the deacon of the Congregational Church in Canton came into the chapel with two young men, shabbily dressed in clothes he had given them. One was suffering from sore eyes; the other was totally blind. The deacon said that he had discovered that the two men were brothers, sons of a former mandarin, from the Province of Kiang Si. This mandarin had died, leaving his family in destitute circumstances. The elder son had been well educated, but like others of his class, had learned no trade; the younger, through an accident, become blind when five years of age. Gradually the two boys were deserted by relatives and friends and became beggars. As time went on, the blind brother became a fortune-teller, while the older, because he could write, became his assistant. In this way they made a good living for several years; but the older brother began to gamble, and finally deserted his blind brother. It was not long before both were beggars once more, and were again thrown together on the streets of Canton, and here they were discovered by our deacon.

The fact that the father had been a man from the upper class, more than anything else, induced the deacon, who also holds the rank of a mandarin, to succor the two unfortunate ones. Being himself a good Christian man, he most naturally brought them to our chapel that they might hear the Word of God, and that is how I came to know them. Like others who come for the 'loaves and fishes,' they said they were interested in

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the gospel. The next Sabbath both came to church and again heard the gospel. During the following week the deacon secured employment for the elder brother, but after that he never came near us, as he began to gamble again. The deacon also did what he could for the blind brother; he secured a home for him in the Viceroy's Asylum for the blind, near the East Gate, where he also

STREET BOOTH IN CHINA.

received forty-five cents per month for rice. There were 500 blind in this place, and 700 in another place close by. The asylum was four miles from our chapel, yet the blind man kept coming, Sabbath after Sabbath, walking alone through the narrow and crowded streets of the city.

When our season for communion came, he asked to be baptized, and accordingly was examined and was found to be sound in the faith. The church members, however, raised an objection. They said: 'If we receive this man, who has no visible means of support, he will become a burden to us, and we will be establishing a precedent for blind beggars to enter our church. We therefore are not in favor of receiving him.' The deacon wisely kept still, because he had introduced him, and was then aiding him a little. Under these circumstances I could not receive him into church fellowship, and he was told to wait. The blind man took no offence at this, and kept coming as usual. His case set me to thinking, and I asked myself: 'Is there no way to help these unfortunate ones into the kingdom? Must they, forever, be kept outside the fold?' An idea began to formulate itself in my mind; why not teach this one to read and write, that in time he may become a teacher to the blind?

Although I then knew that I was to go home on furlough in about three months, I resolved to teach him. I had heard of Mr. Murray's System in Shanghai, but that could not be adapted to the Cantonese dialect, but I applied to Doctor Mary Niles, who kindly gave me a sheet containing raised dots to represent the alphabet with thirty-nine sounds; also the numerals up to ten, and dots to indicate the nine tones in the Cantonese dialect, also the period. The dots had value according to their position in an imaginary rectangle. In about two weeks I mastered enough of this system to begin to teach Blind Wong. He proved a bright student, and came regularly for his lesson, six days a week, walking eight miles every day.

When the church members found that I was willing to teach this blind beggar and to associate with him, they became somewhat ashamed of themselves. Moreover, when they discovered that he actually could learn to read, and that the prospects were that he might, in the future, become a private teacher in some well-to-do home, where a blind son might be found, or even a preacher to the blind, they were in favor of receiving him into the church. Accordingly I baptized him in March, 1900. He continued to do well, and in two months' time I had taught him to read, and he had also begun to write, by using a brass frame and an awl. It was a pleasure to me to teach him, and also to see him grow in the Christian life.

The Chinese, who learned of my effort to teach a blind man, were much surprised at the outcome of it. They had seen nothing like it in Canton. To think that the blind could read! It was a decided gain to me in my influence over them. Blind Wong was also a course of surprise to his blind associates in the asylum. The questions they asked him were many, and he had abundant opportunity to testify to his faith in the Lord Jesus.

During the two months I taught him I aided him to the extent of fifty cents a

month, and this, together with the forty-five cents he received at the asylum, was enough to keep him in food. Before I left Canton for this country I procured for him 'Mark's Gospel,' written by one of Dr. Mary Niles's blind girls; also paper for writing, and told Wong to go on and perfect himself in his reading and writing, and as opportunity afforded, to teach and preach until my return. This he promised faithfully to do. Before leaving I placed in the hands of the church deacon enough to give Blind Wong fifty cents a month while I was away, promising to send a few dollars more later. He is thus dependent upon me to this amount, but the church gives nothing, so no precedent has been established yet. I believe that on my return I shall be able to open a school for the blind in Canton, or at least get him work as a tutor to some well-to-do blind person, and there are many such in the city. It has been estimated that there are at least 10,000 blind of all classes in Canton, China. In other places blind preachers have been able to preach with

WAITING TO BE HIRED IN CHINA.

power and to lead souls to Christ, and I trust God will be able to use Blind Wong, especially among his blind associates in the two asylums near the East Gate in Canton.

Blind Wong was very grateful to me for what I had done, and before I left, through the help of the deacon who had befriended him, he presented me with two red paper scrolls; on one was written in Chinese: 'The halt, the deaf, the blind, the dumb can learn the way to enter the heavenly city.' On the other: 'To speak plainly of salvation and redemption, to proclaim the good tidings, this honors the holy church.'

Since coming to this country the native Christians in the south, around Canton, have suffered for the Name, but I do not think that Blind Wong has met with any serious trouble. I therefore have hopes of again seeing him when I return, and of carrying out my purpose.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Abigail.

(Bertha Gerneaux Davis, 'in the 'Independdent.')

'You seem pretty young for it, Abigail; you do so!'

'I know—I'm not very old yet, Aunt Martha; but Miss Ames said she didn't think that ought to make any difference. She said she joined the church when she was only nine; and I'm seven, you know—most seven and a half. She thinks they'll take me.'

'Well,' said Aunt Martha, 'I'm sure I hope so; for your heart's set on it, I can see. But I have my doubts about it—I have my doubts about it.'

It was not a very encouraging prospect, but the child rose, smiling hopefully. 'P'raps they will, Aunt Martha.'

'They'll ask you a lot of questions, I guess, Abigail, those deacons will. But don't you get scared. You don't do yourself justice, child, if you get flustered.'

'No'm,' solemnly, then, brightening somewhat, 'I'll look straight at Dr. Kingsbury, if I feel afraid. I can talk to him without being scared.'

'Why didn't you talk to him, or to me, about it before, if you've had it in your mind so long?'

'I don't know, Aunt Martha; I tried to, but I couldn't somehow; and I didn't know for certain myself until last night, and then I felt as if I must go, to-day.'

'Well, dear knows, I don't want to be a stumbling-block; perhaps you'd better go on, child, and have it over, seeing they won't meet again for three months.'

Tap, tap, on the study-door a few minutes later; a soft, gentle tap as if a woodpecker had strayed in, and was exercising his little beak on the old panel. There was a cessation of voices within, a moment's silence, then—'Come in.'

Her first startled glance as she crossed the threshold disclosed no beloved Dr. Kingsbury—only the six formidable deacons, with chairs drawn up in a circle. Her cheeks flamed.

'How do you do, little girl?' Deacon Spencer was the first to speak. 'It's little Abigail Somers, isn't it? How are you, my child, and what is it you wish?'

'I—I wanted to come—I came—to see about—about joining the church.' It was impossible to add another word. She had to breathe fast and swallow several times to recover from the effects of these few words. Six pairs of eyes looked at her kindly, but with some surprise.

'Well, well,' said Deacon Smith; and he patted her head, looking with a rather doubtful smile at the others.

'Isn't—isn't Dr. Kingsbury going to come?' ventured Abigail.

'Dr. Kingsbury is a long way from here; he's just gone to Wyoming,' answered Deacon Spencer; 'his brother is very ill.' He scrutinized the slight childish figure gravely. 'Do you mean you want to join the church?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How old are you?'

'Seven years old, sir—seven years and five months.' Abigail's heart was in her mouth with a sudden realization of the fewness of her days on the earth.

Deacon Peterson, the youngest and newest member of the board of deacons, broke the silence that followed. 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' he said, his face turning quite red with the effort.

'Beautiful words,' said Deacon Spencer, 'and true ones! Let the little children come unto Christ. But of course these things must be taken with limitations. When did you experience a change of heart, Abigail?'

'Sir?'

'When were you converted? When did you first feel that you were a sinner, and righteously under God's wrath?'

'I—I don't remember, sir; I don't know;' then, truthfully, 'I guess I never felt just like that.'

'Ah! But perhaps you can tell us when you first made up your mind to give your heart to the Lord and follow in his footsteps.'

'I don't know when I did first, sir. I guess I always wanted to be good since I was a real little girl and I could understand about it.'

'Is there any doubt in your mind as to your love for the Lord? Do you put him above every earthly friend?' This question was from Deacon Simms. 'Would you be willing to give up your father and mother for his sake.

'Her father and mother are dead,' said Deacon Spencer, in a loud whisper. 'We will put it this way: Would you hesitate, if you had to choose between the two, to leave your aunt and never see her again—to be with your Father in Heaven?'

'With Papa in Heaven?'

'No,' said Deacon Spencer, 'I meant with God, your Heavenly Father.' Evidently Abigail was too small and ignorant to understand the solemnity of the step she wished to take.

The question convulsed her little heart. How would she choose—how could she help choosing? 'I don't know, sir,' after a long pause, 'I—I have been with Aunt Martha all my life, 'most; she has taken care of me since I was a little child. I can't bear to think of losing her; I'm afraid I'd choose her.'

'Ah, I see! You are too young yet, my child, to have a realizing sense of the relative values of things in Heaven and things on the earth. I thought so! All in good time; it will come in good time!'

A long pause, while the deacons looked at each other and Abigail sat with folded hands gazing out through the open window at the graves in the churchyard with their leaning headstones overgrown with moss. The cicadas and katydids rasped their net-veined wings with as unsubdued a shrillness as their brothers and sisters in the daisy-fields beyond. The grass-hoppers leaped unconcernedly through the grasses whose roots reached down to the sacred dust below, and the audacious sparrows hopped from mound to mound, and even settled a difficulty or two on the flat stones that for a century had folded in those who had 'fallen on sleep.' Abigail, as she looked, was trying to puzzle out the meaning of Deacon's Spencer's words. What were the 'relative values' that she was too young to understand? She was quite sure that if he would explain them to her she could understand; but she was too shy to ask.

Deacon Smith's voice broke in on her musing. 'What made you wish to take this step, my child? Do you come to us of your own accord, or at some one's suggestion?'

'Miss Ames,' stammered Abigail—'Miss Ames was talking to us a little while ago in Sunday-school about—about joining the church; and—and it made me want to come.'

'Ah,' said Deacon Lawrence, 'I see! You would probably not have thought of com-

ing if she had not wished and suggested it, would you?'

'No, sir,' answered Abigail, quickly, wishing to clear herself from any charge of forwardness. Unfortunately she was too shy to add how happy she had been when Miss Ames had made the way seem so simple and so plain.

'Well,' said Deacon Spencer, 'it would be something unprecedented in the annals of this church to receive into membership a child of your age. We have never had an application from one so young; and it seems to me, my child, that you will do well to defer taking this most important step until such time as you are old enough to see it in all its bearings and come to it of your own volition.' The others nodded assent—all but Deacon Peterson. He opened his lips once to speak, but closed them again.

'Yes, sir,' said Abigail, understanding enough of Deacon Spencer's speech to see that they were not ready and willing to take her into 'fellowship.'

'By and by, my child,' and Deacon Spencer patted her brown head—'by and by. Be a good child, and grow in grace as you grow in stature, and one of these days we shall be only too glad to welcome you into our church-membership.'

'Good-bye, my child,' they all said; and Deacon Peterson gave a very kind pressure of her hand as Abigail went softly past him and out of the door.

It was a hot walk back from the church; it seemed hotter and longer now than ever. She turned in at the gate slowly. Aunt Martha was in the dining-room, giving the finishing touches to the rather meager table. 'Well?' she asked.

'I'—Abigail began; 'they didn't take me. I wasn't—they thought I was too young—that I'd better wait a while.'

'Humph!' said Miss Martha; 'that's what I thought they'd say, Abigail. Well, it's too bad.' She took a keen look at the dispirited little face. 'Go hang up your hat, Abby, supper's most ready.'

It was rather a silent meal. Abigail's eyes were sad and abstracted, and Miss Martha watched her anxiously. 'Do try to eat, Abigail,' she said; 'I opened the peach-marmalade on purpose, thinking you'd like it; and you haven't touched it.'

'Oh,' said Abigail, taking up her spoon; 'thank you, I didn't think. Somehow I don't feel hungry; but it's very nice.'

Miss Martha reserved her questioning till Abigail's napkin was folded. 'So they thought you were too young, did they?' she said then. 'Well, Abigail, I reckon they're right—only seven years old and small for your age. I don't much wonder they felt that way. Who'd you see, Abigail; all the committee?'

'Yes'm; all the deacons. Dr. Kingsbury wasn't there. I felt kind of scared when I got in and didn't see him. Deacon Spencer said he's gone to Wyoming—his brother's real sick.'

'Humph! That's too bad! So all the deacons was there,' a queer little smile of mingled amusement and pity crossing her face, as a sense of the unequal contest overcame her. She could fancy the little slip of a girl sitting in a high-back chair with her small shoes dangling several inches from the floor, and a half-dozen gray-haired men sitting around to catechise. 'Asked you a lot of questions, didn't they?'

'Yes'm.'

'Could you answer 'em?'

'Not very well; not all of 'em.'

'Humph!' The little figure was so drooping that Aunt Martha longed to comfort her. 'You mustn't feel down-hearted about it, Abby. There's time enough you know—lot's of time. Just remember how young you are.'

'Yes'm,' said Abigail again; 'and perhaps when I'm eight they'll take me—I'll be eight in seven months.'

The days slipped away. May finished her course and gave place to her hot-hearted sister. It was three weeks since Abigail made her visit to the church study.

The scarlet berries in Miss Martha's strawberry patch grew larger and sweeter every day. Where was Abigail that she did not come to try them? She had watched the white blossoms so eagerly till all the petals had fallen away and hard, green little knobs formed in their places. Had she forgotten them, now, when they were all ready to drop into her little fingers? Miss Martha came out, in a gingham sunbonnet, a few times, to pick a saucerful; but she was quick and abrupt about it, never lingering, as Abigail was wont to do. They grew redder, and a darker red with vexation, and finally dropped away, quite soured by the disappointment.

The flowers in Abigail's little garden grew in sweetness. The sweet peas climbed up the trellis, winding their frail tendrils resolutely around the cords that her little fingers had arranged early in the season. They would reach up as near her window as they could. If she were sleeping all this time their sweetness might float in to her, and awake her, and she would come down to them with flying feet. The mignonette, constrained to keep nearer to the brown earth, mingled its delicate perfume with that of its aspiring sister, and the pansies looked velvet-eyed reproach for the absent little girl. Miss Martha visited the garden several times to gather a handful of flowers. She carried them to an upstairs room, where a child lay smiling to receive them. Her thin, small face was growing thinner day by day, and the cough racked her chest more and more; but she never failed to smile as her aunt came to her.

'No vitality,' the doctor had said to Miss Martha, when called two weeks before. 'Going just as her mother went. She has no constitution.'

'Oh!' gasped Miss Martha, 'she is so young—so young; only seven years old, and her mother lived to be twenty-two. Mayn't this be just the result of her cold—such a heavy cold?' And then she dropped her face in her hands, for there was no look in the doctor's eyes to reassure her.

It was several days later that Miss Martha ushered Dr. Kingsbury into the room. Abigail's face grew radiant. 'How is my little girl to-day?' he asked tenderly.

The child tried to raise herself, but she was too weak, and was fain to give it up and content herself with pressing Dr. Kingsbury's kind fingers.

'I just returned yesterday,' he said; 'I heard you were ill, and came to see you without delay.'

'Thank you.' Abigail's smile was bright with pleasure and affection.

'I saw Deacon Spencer yesterday, dear. He told me that you wished to give your little heart publicly to the Saviour at our last communion, but that he and the rest of the committee thought you too young. They felt very kindly toward you, dear; but it seemed to them then that you had better wait a while.'

'You don't think I must wait?' something in his tone made her say.

'No.' Dr. Kingsbury's voice was very low and tender. 'I think you need not wait. I talked with them this morning about you, for I was sure you understood the solemnity of the step you wished to take. I have felt for a long time that you were one of God's little children. Suppose you tell me now, Abigail, why you are so anxious to unite with the church? I believe I know, but I should like to have you tell me.'

'Because'—slowly—'because I love Jesus, and I want to say so to people. I can't say it so very easily; but Miss Ames said it would be telling people that I do love him if I joined the church. Could I—could I, do you think—be taken the next time?'

'At the next communion—in August?' Dr. Kingsbury was silent for a moment. 'Yes, Abigail, if you should come to us then, not one of us would refuse you. But I think, little Abigail, it is better not to wait. If you will rest now, and try to sleep, we will take the Lord's Supper together this afternoon, you and I and Aunt Martha.'

A happy smile came to the thin little face. 'Oh,' she said, 'thank you. I love you—I love you very much.'

'I will bring one of the deacons with me, dear, when I come.'

'Oh,' said Abigail, eagerly, 'could it be—Mr. Peterson?' and Dr. Kingsbury nodded assent.

When the shadows were beginning to lengthen, he returned. Mr. Peterson was with him. Abigail, in her bed by the window, could watch them as they made their way under the locust trees, freighted with clusters of fregrant, creamy blossoms. Miss Martha met them at the door. 'She—she understands,' she said. 'I was afraid to tell her; but she seems to know herself that—that—'

'That she is so soon to go home?'

'Yes, and she is not frightened. I was afraid she would be. She was always such a timid child—afraid to be alone in the dark!' and Miss Martha hid her face.

'And now,' said Dr. Kingsbury, gently, 'she is going where there is no more night.' They went up-stairs to Abigail's room. Dr. Kingsbury and Deacon Peterson each took one of the little thin hands, and pressed it.

'You look bright, Abigail,' said Deacon Peterson—'bright and happy.'

'Yes,' she answered, smiling up at him, 'I am happy.'

'Abigail,' said Dr. Kingsbury, tenderly, 'your aunt says you have not been baptized; so I am going now to put that seal upon your little head. You know what it means, don't you Abigail?'

'Yes,' she said, 'I know—and Aunt Martha has told me too.'

Everything had been made ready. A bowl of water was on the table near the bed. Dr. Kingsbury's finger were dipped into it.

'Since it is your desire thus to confess to your dear Saviour, as you trust and believe he will soon confess you, I do baptize thee, Abigail Lucy, into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.'

The blue eyes shut. At the church they knelt when the water touched their foreheads. She could not kneel, but Jesus would understand. She lay very still indeed—so still that Miss Martha put out a startled hand to touch the little fingers. The

blue eyes unclosed quickly at that and smiled into the dark ones.

The service that followed was very brief and simple, that Abigail might not grow wearied. They took the bread and the wine together—the three who had observed this memorial for many years, and the little child who came to the table for the first time, but who, like the Savior nineteen centuries ago, would drink no more of the fruit of the vine until she should drink it new in the Kingdom of her Father.

The odors of the locust flowers floated in at the window, and from their branches the songs of the short-lived birds that yet would be chirping and twittering after little Abigail's voice should be heard no more.

She smiled happily up into Miss Martha's face when they two were left alone. 'I am very happy,' she said; 'and I have been happy all my life with you, Auntie.'

Miss Martha kissed her hastily, and went to the window to arrange the curtains. Several minutes passed before she could arrange the muslin folds to her satisfaction and return to the little white bed.

It was at the next monthly business meeting of the church that the clerk read from his records:—

'June 8th.—Abigail Lucy Somers received, on confession of faith at her home, the rite of baptism and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

'June 12th.—Died the above-named Abigail Lucy Somers, aged seven years and six months.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

The Old, Old Story.

There comes through the vanished ages,
  Like a note from the songs above,
A tale from the sacred pages,
  Of the wonderful gift of love.

For deep in their sin the nations
  To the gods of the world had gone,
And, lost to the great salvation,
  They had knelt to the gold and stone.

They lived and they died in blindness,
  And the hope of the world was gone;
God gave in His love and kindness
  To the perishing world,—His Son.

He came to the long-lost regions,
  It was not with the roll of drums,
No, not with the tramp of legions,
  As the earth-born warrior comes.

He came to the world a stranger,
  He was born of the sons of men,
A babe in the far-off manger
  In the village of Bethlehem.

Though not with the banners waving
  For the sin of the world to cease,
A King of the House of David
  Came the beautiful Prince of Peace.

He came from the home in glory,
  He has gone to the realms sublime;
They'll tell of the old, old story,
  Till the end of the years of Time.

A. O. BROWN.

Kingsmill, Ont.

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A Place for Sarah.

('Presbyterian Journal.')

It began when she came into the world. The cradle and the crib and the other crib were all occupied, and so was the bed in the little room off mother's. There simply was no place for Sarah, and the house had to be turned upside down to make one, for in those days their house was not so large as that built in later years. They talked about it and tried to change about, and plan, but at last the little princess arrived, and her bed had to be hastily improvised from a clothes basket, without even the ordinary silk and muslin accompaniment of such basket-nests that fond mothers make for their little birds.

It was hard for Sarah that the four preceding her had been girls. To be the fifth girl-baby, with only one boy at the head of the list, made it rather monotonous. There really was no time nor place for Sarah. Perhaps it was due to that fact that her father named her, and she bore the old-fashioned and royal name of Sarah, in honor of his loved mother. It had been considered too staid and old-style a name for all the other babies, and the father's quiet suggestion had been laughed aside, but when Sarah came he saw his chance, and putting his hand upon the little, round, hairless head, he said to himself, 'Sarah, my little princess.' Perhaps because she was undeniably plain father was allowed to have his way, and 'Sarah' she became. And because she was a quiet child and did not win at once a place and a nickname for herself like the others, she was never softened into 'Sate' or 'Saidie,' but remained plain Sarah all her days.

She seemed to recognize the state of the case in her very young babyhood, and quietly accepted the situation. She was a good baby, and never made unnecessary trouble nor demanded her mother's time from the sisters who were ahead of her and who impiously yelled for what they wanted—and got it. She would lie for hours and amuse herself with her mysterious ten pink fingers, and by and by would sit contentedly on a quilt upon the floor. She had large, wistful eyes, but she did not often complain. Only when her father came and took her would her dark little homely face light into smiles and her eyes glow with an unexpected beauty. She grew to feel that he was a refuge from all the emptiness of life, and it was enough to rest contentedly in his arms.

As a toddler she was never wanted, and she grew accustomed to being set back when she followed with her sisters to see the fun. She would turn obediently, only keeping her head twisted, and her grieved eyes upon them as long as they were in sight, and then trot back again, reminding one of the little dog who is sent home. The door often shut in her face as she was on the very verge of Eden, and as she grew taller and could turn the knob there would follow that vindictive turn of the key in the latch. There were so many secrets and so many delights that were not hers, poor baby! She sat patiently for a long time one day on the top stair, puzzling over the why, but could not understand. Then she drew a baby sigh and sadly went back to the little playthings that had been left from the wreck of the others' play. They were treasures to her, and were always carefully handled.

'Mamma, call Sarah back. We don't want her. There isn't room, and she's too little,' would her sisters call as they grew apace and were starting on some all-day frolic. Sometimes Sarah's lip would quiver and the hot tears would tremble in her eyes as she heard her mother's voice calling her back, but she would listen silently to her mother's explanation why she could not go, and accept with a sigh the occupation offered her in place of the pleasure. She took all these things so quietly that her mother would be relieved and say that Sarah was an easy child to manage—easily appeased. She would even give her some work to do as her strength grew greater, and say that Sarah enjoyed work better than play. No one knew the stifled sorrow that grew and grew in the little heart till it was like to burst. She never told anyone, not even her father, though when he came home at night and she might stand beside his chair as he warmed his feet before the fire, and rest her cheek against his, her heart seemed soothed from all its ache, and the many slights did not matter.

There were rides and walks as the years went on. But there was no room for Sarah in the carriage. The others always filled it up. Not that this was intended. Oh, no, they were not unkind, these sisters of hers, and they loved her dearly in their way. She was good to sew on a button or run an errand in a hurry, and could always be depended upon. But when there was any lack of space it came to be understood by common consent that there was no place for Sarah. They did not even speak with apology in their voices as they grew used to saying the same old thing. It was also commonly understood that Sarah did not care. And Sarah, as the years had made her spirit stronger, accepted her role of household saint with a sigh and a stifled longing for the things that were not hers, and tried to live up to what was expected of her.

But a day of sorest trial came when Florimel, her eldest sister, was to be married. She had announced at once that her sisters were to attend her. Sarah's cheeks grew pink with delight and her breath came quick with the wonder of it. For once she would have a pretty white gown like her sisters', and be dressed exactly as they were, and walk with them and have a place. It would be the proudest day of her life. She pictured the thronged church and the velvet-covered aisle down which she would move with eyes downcast and great white roses in her hands. Yes, and a large pink picture hat. Florimel had said they should wear white, with pink shepherdess hats. Florimel would permit nothing that was not lovely. She drew a long sigh of ecstacy, and her eyes brimmed with tears of joy. Then her senses came back to the parlor where she sat listening to her mother and sisters as they were discussing plans for the wedding. This was the sentence her quivering heart heard. 'Twas Florimel who spoke:

'There will be no place for Sarah, then, mamma, if Beatrice is maid of honor, for no one ever has three bridesmaids, and I don't care to have any of the other girls.'

Then Sarah caught her breath and dared not lift her beseeching eyes to her mother lest they should brim over. They glanced in quick apprehension at her, but were reassured by her quiet demeanor, and then May, the next to Beatrice, said lightly: 'Oh, Sarah does not care. She is younger and doesn't really go with the rest of us yet. Her dresses are short, too, and it would look queer to have one in short dresses. It would be better just to have Lilian and me.'

'It would make it less expensive,' said the anxious mother, 'for Sarah would not not need a new dress. I think we could fix your light blue over for her. And if you

insist on having Beatrice for maid of honor, there really is, as you say, no place for Sarah,' but she looked hesitatingly at Sarah's drooping head, ere she added, 'You would like the blue silk, wouldn't you, Sarah?'

And Sarah tried to answer in her same quiet way, but somehow the words came thick from her aching throat, and she slipped from the room. Why did not mother remember that she was dark, and blue did not become her?

They felt uneasy, and tried to have it explained again at the supper table, which only made it the harder to bear. The father spoke up, and could not understand why she should be left out, and rather sulkily the girls discussed a change, but Sarah's better nature asserted itself, and they were mollified, and set about their first plan.

After that she gave up expecting a place anywhere. Her face was plain, and her name was plain. The others had pretty faces and pretty names. It was all right. It was as it should be. The minister once asked her if she knew that her name meant 'A princess.' She looked at him gravely and said, in her quiet way, that she thought she must be in disguise, then, but her father always after called her his princess.

The years passed on. The mother died. The sisters, all but Sarah, and their brother were married, and it began to seem as if there was a place for Sarah to take care of her father, but sickness laid its hand upon him, and in a few short years they stood sobbing about his bed to bid him farewell. Florimel and Beatrice, with their husbands, stood on one side of the bed, and May and Lillian, with theirs, on the other. At the foot stood Tom and his wife and oldest child. There was no place for Sarah even to stand beside the beloved father now. Only after he had bidden them all goodbye and given them last messages, and they pressed sobbing about, he looked up and asked for Sarah, and they all made way for her as she stood in quiet anguish, and she it was who received his last words and blessing.

After that it was no better. The home was hers, but Florimel said that her husband wanted to buy it. It was no place for Sarah to live alone, anyway. The house was too large, and it would kill her to stay among all the old memories by herself. She must live about among them all. Each would have a room especially reserved for her, And so all the sisters planned and executed. Sarah tried to demur, but she saw they would be deeply grieved if she refused, and she began her weary round of buttonholes and mending, and spring sewing, and housecleaning for them all. They never expected her to care for other things. She had done these things for them all her life. She would not be happy without plenty of this sort of thing, and so they gave it to her. And she patiently accepted it. In her weary hours she read her Bible. She smiled a wistful, longing smile as she read, 'I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.'

She took a cold one day about some homely task. She ought to have gone to bed and been cared for, but she kept up because there seemed no spot in which to be ill just then.

They realized how sick she was when it was too late. They said, 'She has pneumonia!' and wondered how they were going to carry on their plans without her help.

They kissed her farewell with tears, not knowing what a lonely life she had led among them, and only half realizing as she left them what she had been to them. She smiled as she thought of the many mansions and the place preparing, and slipped away so peacefully that they looked up in surprise and said, 'Why, she is gone!'

But even then there seemed no place for the worn-out body she was leaving behind. The family lot in the old cemetery was portioned off, so much for each, but it somehow seemed there had been a mistake. There was no place for Sarah. But this was a case where room must be made, and at last they laid her mortal clay beside the father who had loved her.

They gathered hushed, about the spot to hear the last words spoken.

'Sarah, a Princess,' the minister who had known her all her life said, 'A daughter of the King. The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework. . . . And to her was granted that she should be arayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints. . . To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne . . . . . Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out.'

Her kindred looked wonderingly at the white-haired minister, and became dimly conscious that Sarah's life had been a saintly one.

But Sarah had a place at last, forever, in the palace of the King.

The Slight in the Work.

(W. Bert. Foster, in 'Wellspring.')

'You're slightin' that job, Ben,' remarked old Henry, the foreman, standing beside Ben Perry's bench.

'Pooh! what's the odds? nobody's going to see this; it will be covered up all right,' responded the young workman, carelessly.

'Yes, it'll be covered up; that's true. But some time it's bound to be taken apart; and the workman who does it, if he knows his business, will say, "The chap who did this job was either a shirk or a poor hand at it."'

Ben laughed, good-naturedly. 'Pshaw! what if he does? I sha'n't be there to hear his opinion, Henry. You know there's nothing very particular about this, and I'm in a hurry to get it out of the way.'

'But you'll know it yourself, won't you?' demanded the old man.

'Eh? what do you mean?' and Ben turned a puzzled glance upon him.

'Why, don't you like to know in your own heart that the work you do is all right?'

'But what's the odds when nobody's going to see it? It will never be found out who did it.'

'I tell you,' said old Henry, shaking his head, 'a lie is sure to be found out in time'—

'Who's told a lie?' demanded Ben, with some heat.

'You are tellin' one now, my boy,' said the foreman, calmly. 'A slight in your work is a lie; that's what I've always believed Let me tell you, a slight in a job will be surely discovered.'

'This makes me think of a couple of men I knew once who were building a piece of wall,' went on the old man. 'One of 'em' in settin' a brick, found it just a grain thicker on one side than on the other. The other chap said, "It will make your wall untrue, Henry;" yes, I admit I was the chap he spoke to.

'"Pooh! that makes no difference," said I. "You're too pertic'lar."

'"It will make a difference. You wait an' see," said he. "Sooner or later that lie will show itself."

'An', would you believe it,' pursued the foreman, shaking his long finger at Ben, 'he was right. I kept on layin' brick an' carryin' the wall up, higher an' higher, right up to quittin' time at night, an' far as I could see, the wall I built was just as good as his.

'But when I came back in the mornin' that lyin' brick had worked the end of all lies. The wall, getting a little slant from it, had got more and more untrue as I carried it up, and durin' the night the whole business had toppled over, an' I lost my job. I tell you, Ben, a slight's a lie, an' a lie doesn't pay'—

But his listener was already undoing the hasty work he had performed, and later did it all over again, and with his accustomed care.

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The Policy of the Strong and Steady Hand—'The Daily Mail,' London.
England after the War—'The Nation,' New York.
The New Ambassador, by W. A. M. Goode, in 'The Daily Mail,' London.
Tranquil France—'The Graphic, London.
A Wonderful Expedition—By E. B. Osborn, in 'The Morning Post,' London.
Cruise of the 'Ophir.'—'The Mail,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Robert Louis Stevenson, from a Painter's Point of View—By T. C. Goteb, in 'St. George.'
Klinger's Beethoven—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Speaking of Verse—'Academy and Literature,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The World in June—Poem, by W. E. Henley.
Poetry of Peace—Extract from Ode by Swinburne.
Song of Peace—Poem, by Edwin Markham, in 'Collier's Weekly.'
The Winners—Poem, by Laurence Housman, in 'Spectator.'
California in Romance—'The Pilot,' London.
George Eliot—Reviewed by W. L. Courtney, in 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
An Italian Theologian—'The Pilot,' London.
They—'Speaker,' London.
The Compleat Ruskin—'Black and White,' London.
The Sympathy of Life—Sermon by Phillips Brooks.
Gilbert Parker, Novelist and Legislator—'New York Times.'
Should Men of Genius Marry?—New York 'Evening Post.'
A Tale of Swiss Folk—New York 'Times.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Teaching of Style—'Fortnightly Review.'
Suture of Heart Wounds—By Dr. Sherman, in 'American Medicine.'
Mr. Asquith as a Patient—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Nervous Crises Among Animals—By M. Henry Coupin, in 'La Nature,' Paris.
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A Lesson for Boys and Bears.

('Advance.')

When Arthur had coaxed to drive the three-year-old colt, Uncle Jim had said 'No.' Then for a mile and a half Arthur whined and teased, pouted and sulked; and even snatched at the reins which Uncle Jim, only held more firmly in his own strong grasp. Finally the little boy squeezed out a few tears and declared that it was 'real mean.'

Arthur, you will understand, was used to having his own way. Because he had not been a strong little boy he had never been sent to school; and at home almost everything he wanted he could get by teasing for it. What the teasing didn't bring was certain to come it he only cried a little. So he was crying now.

For several minutes he cried; but, strange to say, Uncle Jim paid no attention to his tears, only drove on and whistled softly.

'Say, Uncle,' said Arthur, beginning all over again, 'I think you might let me drive now.'

'Well, well,' said the uncle, 'it does seem strange that a boy of seven years old should know less than a bear knows, and a baby bear at that.'

Arthur winked away his tears and stared.

'Bears,' continued Uncle Jim, 'know how to mind; and that is something you haven't learned yet. I think I'll have to tell you how I once saw an old bear teach her children to do as they were told.'

'Was it a real, wild bear, Uncle?' and the eager voice quite forgot to whine.

'It was when I was a boy in West Virginia,' said Uncle Jim, 'and we lived on a farm close to thick woods. It was a wild country, where often some farmer would shoot a wolf or a wildcat, and there was talk of bears. But I had never seen one. One hot day I had nearly reached home with a big basket of wild blackberries, when, just in front of me, trotting toward our cornfield—oh, oh! there was a great black bear, and with her three funny, fat little cubs.

'Scared! Well, I was scared. A mother bear with her little ones is often savage and dangerous to meet, and she was only a few feet ahead of me. As soon as I could move

Guy's Gardening:
Sharpening Tools.
Warmer grows the kindly sun
Winter's time is almost done.
Garden trowel, spades and hoes
Must be sharp before he goes;
For when Spring is at the gate
Garden work should never wait.
Handy tools for Guy are bought
From the busy pedlar's brought.
Brush away the webs and dust
Mend the blades & rub the rust;
Let the file make merry din;
Let the grindstone whirl & spin.
Guy is helping all he can
He's his father's right hand man!

up a tree I scrambled with as little noise as possible; and there, among the thick leaves, I hid hoping that Mrs. Bear would take herself and her family away. But no. Not far from my tree the whole family stopped, and I could see that Madam Bear was talking earnestly to her children. Of course I couldn't understand her language; but from the way she wagged her great black head and shook her huge paw I was sure she was telling them to stay just where they were, behind that log, while she went to find something for dinner. Up in my tree I hoped they wouldn't spy me and make a dinner of "small boy."

'Down squatted all three little bears, while away went their mother into the corn-field. Until Mrs. Bear was out of sight the bears lay still; but as soon as they were sure she could no longer see them, over the log they climbed and scrambled away toward the cornfield too.

'But now back came Mother Bear and in her mouth some stalks and ears of fresh juicy corn. At the sight of this delicious dinner the three cubs squealed their delight and ran eagerly toward their mother, each one anxious to get the first taste. But instead of a taste, the first little cub that reached its mother was given a sound slap that sent him rolling over and over. The corn she had gathered for dinner Mrs. Bear laid down upon the ground, then back to the log she drove her disobedient children, cuffing and slapping them as they tumbled along before her. When all were safely settled behind the log and each naughty cub had had his ears soundly boxed, she sat up and gave them another solemn lecture. 'After that she went slowly back to her corn. Down beside it she sat, in sight of the hungry little bears who watched her with eager eyes. Their little black heads wagged, their little pink tongues lolled out of their mouths, but not one of them

stirred from his place. Up in my tree I watched the shadows, and wondered how long she would make them wait for their dinner.

'It was more than an hour before she moved or the cubs either. Then I suppose she was sure they had learned to mind, for she raised up on her hind feet and gave a little call. The cubs heard, and the way they tumbled their roly-poly bodies over the ground was a sight to see. In a few minutes the corn was gone and the whole family had disappeared into the woods. But I felt certain that from that day not one of those cubs would ever venture to disobey his mother.'

The bear story was ended. Pony Prince was slowly climbing a steep hill. Arthur seemed to be deeply thinking. All at once Uncle Jim heard:

'Say, Uncle, can't I drive just a little way now?'

Uncle Jim gave his nephew a look.

'No, you cannot drive this colt today. And if you tease any more about driving, I shall play "old bear" to you.'

What Uncle Jim meant by 'playing old bear' Arthur couldn't imagine. But he did want to drive—he couldn't see why he shouldn't drive—and so, after a little Uncle Jim felt Arthur's hand on the lines and heard his nephew say:

'I know I could drive all right up hill, anyway.'

Uncle Jim said nothing at all. He only moved the lines out of the little boy's reach, and looked so decided that Arthur felt very uncomfortable.

When they reached the little country school house where Sunday school was held, and where Uncle Jim was superintendent, Arthur stood up, glad to get out after his long ride. Uncle Jim tied the colt, he gathered up his Bible and hymn-book, then turned to Arthur, standing in the buggy.

'Sit down and stay where you are.' He spoke quietly, but nobody had ever looked at Arthur as Uncle Jim did then.

It was a long, long, lonesome hour and a half that the little boy spent sitting in the buggy by himself.

But about that Uncle Jim said nothing at all. They rode home as pleasantly as could be, Uncle Jim acting as if nothing had happened. But Arthur teased no more about driving and never once offered to touch the lines.

Uncle Jim told Arthur a story about the lesson they had learned in Sunday school that day. Arthur listened; then he turned to his uncle an earnest face and said, bravely 'I had a lesson, too, Uncle Jim.'

'Did you,' said his uncle; 'and what was your lesson?'

'Bears,' answered Arthur, 'and minding, and I guess I've learned it, too.'

Malagasy Musician.

The Malagasy people all like music, though I am afraid you would think much of it rather noise than music.

The above picture is of a Malagasy harpist, with a kind of lyre made from a dried pumpkin, a piece of wood, and two raphia grass strings. With these he is able to produce a few sounds, and, thus accompanied, the natives will sit for hours and sing their dirge-like melodies.

Some make very elaborate harps from bamboos, and play them very well indeed. I have heard a blind man produce some very sweet melodies on one of these.

In some of our churches we are getting organs and harmoniums introduced and an English violin proved a very great attraction at a young people's service.

Sacred concerts have been given on several occasions by the boys and girls of the high schools, to raise funds for the Sunday-schools and the orphanage, which attracted large congregations.

A large number of European instruments are now used in Madagascar, and very good bands are to be met with in some of the Government towns, composed either of stringed or wind instruments, with cymbals, triangles, and side drums. Harmoniums are not at all uncommon, and many natives have, thanks to the tonic-sol-fa method, become fairly proficient players, conducting the singing in the services on Sunday in a highly creditable manner.—'Child's Companion.'

My Flower Bed.

(Katharine Pyle, in 'Congregationalist.')

They promised me a flower bed
That should be truly mine,
Out in the garden by the wall,
Beneath the ivy vine.

The boxwood bush would have to stay;
The daily rosebush, too;
But for the rest they'd let me plant
Just what I chose to do.

Though not a daffodil was up
The garden smelled of spring,
And from the trees beyond the wall
I heard the blackbirds sing.

I worked there all the afternoon;
The sun shone warm and still.
I set it thick with flower seeds
And roots of daffodil.

And all the while I dug I planned
That when my flowers grew
I'd train them in a lovely bower,
And cut a window through.

When visitors drove out from town
I'd bring them there to see;
Perhaps I'd give them each some flowers,
And then how pleased they'd be!

But I forgot the bed for weeks,
And when I came at last,
The flowers all were choked and dead,
The weeds had grown so fast.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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LESSON II.—JULY 13.

The Ten Commandments—Duties to God.

Ex. xx., 1-11. Commit to memory vs. 3-11. Read Deut. v., 1-15; Matt. xxii., 34-40.

Golden Text.

'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.' Luke x., 27.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 7.—Exod. xx., 1-11.
Tuesday, July 8.—Deut. vi., 1-15.
Wednesday, July 9.—Deut. vi., 16-25.
Thursday, July 10.—Deut. xxvii., 1-10.
Friday, July 11.—Josh. xxiii., 1-11.
Saturday July 12.—Psa. xix.
Sunday, July 13.—Mark xii., 28-34.

Lesson Text.

(1) And God spake all these words, saying, (2) I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. (3) Thou shalt have no other gods but me. (4) Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: (5) Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; (6) And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments. (7) Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. (8) Remember the sabbath day and keep it holy. (9) Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: (10) But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates: (11) For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Suggestions.

The first commandments speak of our personal duty to God, or what may be specifically called our religious duty as distinguished from natural and social duties. Matthew Henry says that the first commandment concerns the Object of our worship, the second, the ordinances of worship, the third, the manner of our worship, and the fourth the time of worship. 'No other gods': no one else and nothing else is to be the object of our supreme devotion. Is money the thing we like best? Then beware lest we be found worshipping an idol of gold. 'Covetousness,' the apostle says, 'is idolatry.' Or do we find our greatest pleasure in eating and drinking and the various excitements of the senses? This may be idolatry too, the worship of pleasure.

Some people worship science and some people worship worldly greatness, some people make idols of their own beauty or talents. How beautiful instead to have for the object of our worship the all-glorious and all-perfect Being whose hand has made all these things. 'Graven image': no visible representation of God was to be made, for if the people bowed down to an image they would readily think that ended their worship, and they would neglect to keep the commandments of God. God is a spirit and requires the worship of the heart. 'A jealous God.' He will not give his glory to an image. Our hearts must ascend direct to him in praise and prayer.

'Unto the third and fourth generation': false ideas of God and of religious worship do not injure only those who adopt them; their descendants are apt to inherit a disposition less open to the light of truth. But those who love God with a true insight can spread the knowledge of his mercy, not only among their own relations, but in the wider world. 'In vain'; How many young people, with no bad intention use the name and worship of God in an empty and formal way by singing the words of hymns when they are not thinking about the meaning.

'Remember': It is easy to slip into negligent ways. If we are not careful to remember the sabbath and the worship of God, we may slip unconsciously into worldly ways, and be surprised some day to find how far we are from the religious life that we formerly had. This is the history of nearly all back-sliding. One day in seven specially set aside for God's worship is the divine arrangement and experience proves that it is not safe to depart from it.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 13.—Topic—Constant companionship. John xiv., 15-28; Matt. xxviii., 20.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

Mon., July 7.—Weak faith. Num. xxi., 4.
Tues., July 8.—Foolish complaints. Num. xxi. 5.
Wed., July 9.—Just punishment. Num. xxi., 6.
Thu., July 10.—Honest repentance. Num. xxi., 6.
Fri., July 11.—Answered prayer. Num. xxi., 8.
Sat., July 12.—Complete salvation. Num. xxi., 9.
Sun., July 13.—Topic—Old Testament miracles. II. Lessons from the brazen serpent. Num. xxi., 4-9.

A Spasm of Sense

In a recent murder trial at Minneapolis, some facts in the life of the murderer were brought to light which should be of interest to all who labor in the cause of sobriety and morality. They should especially arrest the attention of all who have charge of relatives in times of sickness, or of threatened constitutional disease. It was said that the young man when scarcely more than a boy developed a weakness of the lungs, which caused alarm, and that his physician ordered him to live in Colorado for several years, and to drink whiskey three times a day. Filled with dread the boy obeyed the directions of his doctor. He stayed in Colorado six years and drank his whiskey according to orders. Any one who has observed life closely, will not be surprised to hear that by the time he returned home his passion for liquor was such that all prospect of a respectable and useful life was gone. He haunted bar-rooms and drank almost to the point of irresponsibility every day. The culmination came in an all-night saloon, where at two o'clock in the morning he killed a man he had never seen before, in a drunken quarrel—where all present were so under the influence of liquor that no reliable evidence could be had from any one.

But the point I wish to make in this article is the danger lurking in the prescriptions of physicians. Many well meaning doctors have a habit of recommending beer or whiskey for every slight ailment, and seem to utterly ignore the danger element in this practice. Thoughtless people easily frightened at the threat of illness, obey the directions of these doctors to their infinite harm. Every observing person knows this of his own knowledge.

Pulmonary troubles are almost invariably prescribed for along this line, although in so many thousands of cases the utter uselessness of alcohol has been demonstrated. And very few friends have the moral courage to refuse to follow the prescription. I remember of one exception. A young man in whose family the evils of intemperance had been fully proven, seemed threatened with consumption, and in quick succession consulted all the leading physicians of his city. Every one told him to drink beer or whiskey. He refused to do so, and was fully upheld by his wife in that decision. But every time he saw the doctor, in whose hands he finally rested his case, he was urged to try alcohol. Doing this one day before the young wife, her indignation finally mastered her, and she exclaimed: 'Doctor, you are one of our most valued personal friends, as well as our trusted physician, but if you ever recommend alcohol again to my husband, the relations both of friend and physician will cease forever. I can bear that my husband may die, but I cannot bear that he become a drunkard'; and, she added stamping her foot, 'I will not.' To the honor of the doctor be it said that he changed his ground at once, and no break in friendship ever occurred. A few years later when the young man had overcome his threatened phthisis, but was recovering from another severe sickness, the doctor said to the wife, 'I should recommend some stimulant to any one else, but you,' he added, with his big hearty laugh, 'have proved that you can cure consumption without any; and I'm sure you can bring this fellow through again, with your nourishing dishes.' And she did.

Quite different was the fate of an equally conscientious woman which came under my observation. She nursed a beloved brother through typhoid fever, and when he was convalescing after a relapse, she was told to give him whiskey every hour in small doses. She did so unhesitatingly for many weeks, and when he was well, he was already a slave to stimulants. His grief was inconsolable, and as she saw year by year the ruin she had unconsciously wrought, she could not be comforted.

An old doctor who treated a case of pneumonia in my own family, without stimulants and very successfully, told me that when younger he had used whiskey in such cases as was the rule, but that for many years he had not prescribed it at all, and that he had much better results than formerly. And it has been proven in recent years in temperance hospitals that old diseases are successfully treated without alcohol. Let friends of invalids take courage from this, and refuse to imperil the well-being of the whole after life of a patient, by giving him the unquenchable thirst which follows the use of so fatally fascinating a drug. Especially let people with weak lungs beware of the snare. Let them take to the woods or the mountains. There is more virtue in oxygen than in anything which can be put into the stomach. Don't live a minute indoors, except when sleeping and then have all the windows open—eat the most nourishing food that the world knows of and plenty of it, and if God wills it you will live—and if he does not a whole distillery will not save you.

And these doctors, do they never think of the evil they work, do they never question what it profiteth a man if he gives his life and lose his soul? Do they never consider his family and friends, when they lure him on to destruction with their flippant and criminal prescription of whiskey or beer without regard to his antecedents, to his inherited tastes, or acquired ones, with which he is perhaps struggling at that time? Many of them apparently do not, but many more in these later days do pause before prescribing these deadly doses. May their tribe increase.—Hattie Tyng Griswold, in 'Universalist Leader.'

A writer points out that in the United States, Canada, Sweden and Norway, where local control of the drink traffic is largely adopted, the death-rate is only 16.5 per 1,000, whilst in England and other European countries where there is no local option, it is 24.9 per 1,000. The Sun Life Office has lately begun to insure abstainers at a reduction of 5 percent on the ordinary premiums. The Scottish Temperance Life Office from the first accepted such lives at a reduction of 10 percent. The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, with funds of £7,000,000, has two sections, each paying the same rates, but the abstainers get from 20 to 30 percent larger bonuses than the non-abstainers. The Sceptre Life Office has a corresponding scale. These facts tell their own tale of the superior health and longevity of abstainers.—English paper.

Correspondence

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. My birthday if on October 7. I wonder if anyone's birthday is on that day too. I have two brothers, Arch and Harold, and one sister, Elsie. My name is Bertie. My father is a doctor, and is the superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum. We live three miles in the country. We drive out as far as the electric cars, then go on the cars the rest of the way to school to Bishop Field College. Harold has a Newfoundland dog named Buller, Elsie and I have two calves, named Flossie and Kitty. The 'Messenger' is the best paper that we take. I think I will try and be a lawyer when I am a man, and perhaps I will get to be a judge if I work real hard. BERTIE T.

Dudswell, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I got the 'Messenger' for a prize at school, and I like it very much. I have one brother. For pets we have two cats, their names are Floss and Snowdrop, and a calf named Blossom. Papa bought a pair of wild horses last fall; they are from the West; they are chestnut with white faces; they were very wild at first, they are quieter now. Papa is working them together. I am eight years old. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, September 10. If so, I wish she would answer.

Address: ELSIE BISHOP,
Dudswell, Que.

Springfield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I look over the correspondence page I think it very interesting to see so many letters from little folks like myself, so I am going to write one. My papa keeps a hotel, and I live very near the railway station and a very pretty lake. I go fishing in a boat, and I like that very much, although I very seldom catch any fish.

V. P. MULLOCK (aged 7.)

Penville.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I have written to the 'Messenger,' but I am sending some new subscribers this time. The story about 'Faithful Coalie' reminds me of a search we had for my little brother Cecil when he was about two years old. After looking everywhere we could think of for about an hour we found him fast asleep in the bottom of the buggy, which was out under a tree. We had looked in it before, but did not see him, as he was all curled up and the rubber spread over him.

LAURA B.

Harriston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We got the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school first, and since they stopped taking it there, we have been taking it. I enjoy reading it very much. I have three brothers and no sisters. I am the youngest of the family. I have been taking music lessons for nearly four years. I am organist of the league, and assistant organist of the Sunday-school. My birthday is on October 15. CORA E. P.

Glen Norman, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' about two years. Our teacher this year is Miss McSweyn. I am on the third book. I like dictation best. I live on a farm. I have one sister, younger than I am. The River Delisle passes through our farm, and we like to play and pick the shells very much, also to watch the drives go down in the spring. We have 12 cows, 3 horses, and one colt. We belong to the Dalhousie church, and our minister is the Rev. J. B. MqKinnon. Our teacher last year was Miss McGillis, and when she was leaving she made a Christmas tree, and we had reading, songs, recitations, and a Santa Claus to give us our presents. I was eleven years old on the 30th of April.

A. MAY D.

Denison's Mills, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about seven miles from Richmond. I am fourteen years old, my birthday is on October 14. I have a side-saddle and am getting to ride pretty well. I also am a member of the Maple Leaf Club. We receive the 'Northern Messenger' every Saturday night. I think it is a charming little paper. The stories 'Twenty Percent,' and 'How Dan came home,' are very nice. I do not see how any one could read the 'Messenger, and be a drunkard. I like reading very much. I wonder how many of the subscribers like a flower garden? My favorite flowers are pansies, roses, and sweet peas. I am going to have a flower garden this year. NELLIE T.

Rideau View, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the letters printed in the 'Messenger' much better since the little writers write interesting stories. My grandfather, when five years old, came from Scotland with his parents, on a ship which went by sails. They were about Newfoundland when there came a calm, and the sailors caught cod fish and sold it for whiskey. My grandfather's father would not buy any fish from them when he knew what they did with the money. So he and his brother James got a little boat and started out to get a few fish for themselves, but they were not fishing long when there came a gust of wind and the ship started, leaving them on the great ocean. You may know what a fright my greatgrandmother got when she found she was sailing away without her husband, and indeed, only for the captain he might have been left behind. But the captain was a kind man, and when he saw the trouble he bade the sailors go and bring them back. The sailors were very angry at this, for I suppose they had been displeased at my greatgrandfather for not buying any fish from them, but they had to obey orders, and so they brought them back. They had no more trouble after that, and they all landed safely at Quebec. They got a farm at Perth, and here they settled, and stayed until grandfather got a farm forty miles north of Perth, and here I live with him and grandmother. He is now eighty-four years of age, and too old to do much else than work in the garden. In winter days he often tells me stories, such as I have just told. He once told me of a bear that was eating his corn, so he decided that he would gather a party of the neighboring men and try to shoot it, among whom was his brother John. It was in the evening when they started on their bear hunt. They saw the bear at a distance, but it did not seem to be afraid of them, so they thought it had little cubs up the trees and it would not go away and leave them behind. After a while the bear disappeared and the men were standing on an ash tree which had fallen among the cattails and long grass wondering where the bear had gone. Grandfather's brother stepped off the log and something big and black got up and ran off into the bush. That was a bear, and grandfather says his brother all but tramped on it, and of course if he had he likely would have been bitten. So they tried no more bear hunting that day, and I do not know whether they were ever again bothered by that bear or not.

BELLA B. (aged 11).

[This is a most interesting letter.—Ed.]

Dear Editor,—As I am a new subscriber for the 'Mesenger,' and not seeing any letters from Fairlight, I thought I would write one. I think the 'Messenger' a nice paper, and like to read the letters in it. Mamma took the 'Messenger' a few years ago and she liked it. When we came to the N.W.T. from Ontario four years ago, we could not get to Church or school and I was lonesome, but now we can get to both, and I would not care to go back. We live about one mile and a half from school. There are only six months out of the year that there is school, but it hasn't started yet. We live about three miles from the post-office. I have no brothers nor sisters, but papa has a home boy. BESSIE J. B.

South Tilley, Vic. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I wrote one letter to the 'Messenger,' and saw it in print, so I thought I would write again. I am going to school. It is just two months before holidays, and then Tommy and I will have great fun playing and picking berries. We had three cute little rabbits; they were just little young ones, and we found them in the wood and had them in a little pen in the garden. One morning I went out to feed them and one of them was gone, and there was a great big toad in the pen. I think the cats must have taken it, for they took the other ones afterwards, but I don't think they were very nice cats to kill the poor little bunnies.

LIZZIE MARION W. (aged 8).

South Tilley, Vic. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy six years old. I am going to school, and am reading in the first Primer. We have seven calves, they are all black and white, and I have one of them for my own. They are all pretty, but I think mine is the prettiest. We have one little colt, its name is Nick, and it is so cross it will bite me if I go near it. Lizzie is writing to you too, so I will close.

THOMAS EDISON W. (aged 6).

Hymers, New Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in New Ontario. We have not been here a year yet, we have no school yet, we think it will start this spring. I have three brothers and three sisters. I have one brother older than myself. We came from the County of Peterborough. My papa built a new house last fall. We can chop quite a lot here, as the timber is small. My birthday is on August 12. There are moose and deer out here.

ALEX. P. (aged 11).

Brysonville.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in Tullochgorum. The first settlers were all Scotch, and came in 1840. When the first house was built the people gathered, and the first reel danced was 'Tullochgorum,' and that is how it got its name. I go to school, about a mile and a quarter away. My birthday is on November 21, and I was twelve on that date. I would like if anyone of my own age would write to me, and I would answer them. My address is:

GRACIE E. MACDONALD,
Brysonville, Quebec.

Yale, Mich.

Dear Editor,—My father was born in England, coming to Canada at the age of twenty-two, and several years later came to Michigan, where he settled in St. Clair County. He helped to cut the trees from the Osborne House grounds before Queen Victoria came into possession of it, and also saw her several times, and helped to cheer her as she passed from East to West Cowes. My mother also is of English descent. I have one sister, who is six years old, and goes to school, but has been out a couple of weeks with a cold. I am ten years old, and attend day school. I am going to pass the 'Messenger' on to some of my girl friends to let them know what a nice paper it is. Any one wishing to correspond with me, please write and I will answer. My address is Miss Alice Guy, Yale, Mich.

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HOUSEHOLD.

She Will Come.

A lady went out one afternoon, leaving her little boy at his grandma's, and saying she would call for him when she returned home, which she expected would be by six o'clock.

The time passed till it was nearly six and his grandma said perhaps his mother was not coming for him that night.

'Yes, she will,' replied the boy.

Six o'clock came, and grandma said:

'Well, I guess your mother will not come for you to-night.'

'I know she will,' said the boy confidently; and he watched patiently for her.

It was getting towards his bed-time, and grandma was pretty sure his mother would not come, and he would stay all night with her.

'Well, I know she will come,' was still his confident reply.

'Why, what makes you so positive?' asked his grandmother.

'Because,' said the boy, 'she said if she was not here by six o'clock, she should certainly come, and my mother never told a lie.'

In a few minutes his mother came and took him home.

What a lesson for mothers in the faith of this child.—'Gospel News.'

Expedients in the Sick Room.

Where no regular system of ventilation exists the windows may be raised several inches, resting on a board made to fit the window, thus forcing an indirect draft over the top of the sash. An adjoining room may be well ventilated, and then the doors opened into the sick-room. In warm weather a screen may keep the draft from the bed, and plenty of air be admitted. When a sick person begins to count the pictures on the wall-paper, following the designs with eye or finger, it will waste the flagging energy as almost nothing else will do. It is time then to cover the wall with a curtain of cheese-cloth, or even a sheet, hanging a favorite picture for a central object of vision, to be replaced occasionally with a fresh one.—Lanta Wilson Smith, in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

Onions.

Speaking of onions, it is our opinion that their value to the human system is not generally known or appreciated. It is almost the universal custom to slice onions in vinegar, and many whose stomachs are strong can eat them that way without ill effects; but with others there will be, after eating them this way, a misery in the stomach, or a headache, and those persons will say, 'I like onions, but they don't agree with me'; it is our candid opinion that it is the vinegar and not the onion. Perhaps the vinegar was anything but a pure article. We seldom put onions in vinegar, although there are children in the family who prefer them that way. When onions are used in the raw state, they are sliced thin or cut fine and sprinkled with salt. We have almost abandoned the use of pepper in our cookery, with the exception of red pepper that we raise, and use when boiling cabbage; but the pod is opened and nearly all the seeds removed, and the pod boiled merely for the flavor. But to return to the onions, we cook them often, occasionally every day. We put them in cold water, bring to a boil and drain the water off; if the water appears green we pour boiling water over them, let cook a few minutes so as to remove the gymsum from them, and add salt a little cream or butter, or brown in a little sweet lard. Cooked onions permeate and cleanse the stomach thoroughly; and if children are constipated a mess of onions will usually relieve them; they are good for a cold, and assist in making a beautiful complexion.—Hattie Williams Parker, in 'St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.'

Broth for Invalids.

Chicken Broth.—Cut a well-cleaned old chicken of about four pounds in weight into pieces, place them in a saucepan, cover with cold water, let it heat slowly to the boiling point, add half tablespoonful salt, one whole onion, cover tightly and simmer gently till the meat falls from the bone, then strain the broth through a napkin, remove all fat, season to taste with salt, and serve.

Mutton Broth.—Cut two pounds of mutton from the neck in small pieces, remove all fat, place the meat in a saucepan, add two quarts cold water, one teaspoonful salt, one onion, two stalks of celery, a small carrot and parsley; cover and cook slowly till the meat is tender. Strain the broth through a fine sieve, free it from all fat, and serve in a small china cup.

Mutton Broth with barley—Place two tablespoonfuls of barley with a neck of mutton and two quarts of cold water over the fire; add one small onion, a carrot, some celery and parsley, and one teaspoonful salt; cover and cook slowly till the meat falls from the bone, then strain the broth, remove all fat, and serve; or, add to each cupful broth one or two tablespoonfuls milk or cream. This broth may be made still richer by adding to each cupful the yolk of one egg and one tablespoonful cream.—'Ledger Monthly.'

Chicken Pilau.—Cut up the chicken and put on to boil with sufficient water to keep it from scorching. Add salt, pepper and a small piece of onion. When the chicken is done add pieces of bologna sausage, then stir in with a silver fork one quart of rice and continue to stir until the rice is well cooked and dry. Serve on a flat dish.

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1 Sugar Shell, 1 Butter Knife, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Forks, 6 Tablespoons, solid Alaska silver, guaranteed for 50 years, richly engraved handles, also 6 all-steel silver-plated Knives. The entire 26 pieces given absolutely free for selling only 2½ doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return $3.00 and receive this splendid Set, free. HOME SUPPLY CO., Box 482 Toronto

BOYS! PLAY BALL

FREE SPALDING OUTFIT
Genuine Spalding Ball, Spalding Ash Bat Spalding Catcher's Mask, Spalding Baseball Cap and Spalding Catcher's Glove, all free given free for selling only 20 packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money, and we send this Genuine Spalding Baseball Outfit. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., Box 486 Toronto

GLASSWARE FREE
27-PIECE CRYSTAL GLASS SET
1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Tall Jelly or Fruit Dish, 1 large Cake Plate, 1 Cream Pitcher, 1 Butter Dish and Cover, 6 Berry Dishes, 6 Tumblers, 1 large Water Pitcher, 1 Spoon Holder, 6 Individual Salts. Finest cut glass style. Given for selling only 3½ doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 Glasses ($1.00 worth) of a Delicious, cool, refreshing, Summer Drink. The newest thing out. Everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return $3.00 and we send this handsome 27-Piece Crystal Glass Set, carefully packed. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 487 TORONTO.

RIBBON BARGAINS
Having recently secured an immense stock of Ribbons from a manufacturer in London, England, we are now offering the lady readers of this paper astonishing bargains in choice rich Remnants, all from one to three yards long and up to 3 inches wide. Finest quality, Crown edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot edge, Satin edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths suitable for Bonnet Strings, neckwear, trimmings for hats and dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc., all first class. Their cheapness will astonish you. We guarantee satisfaction. Mrs. Walter Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says: "Your box of ribbons received, and I must say I am well pleased with them. I consider them the cheapest bargain I ever got." Don't miss this chance. Carefully packed in boxes and sent postpaid, 25c. a box, or 5 boxes for 90c. Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401 Toronto.

FREE 44-Piece China Tea Set—12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. A Regular $5.00 Set. Given for selling only 3 doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 Glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, Summer Drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants, and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and we ship this magnificent 44-piece Tea Set. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 1456 TORONTO.

FREE GOLD CASED
Watch, elegantly engraved in solid gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling only 3 doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. Home Supply Co., Box 439 Toronto.

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